

Thorns

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30322713) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30322713>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	DNFWEEK2021 , DNFW21_D2 , Enemies to Lovers , Smut , Flowers , Top Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Bottom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sexual Tension , Teasing , Alternate Universe - College/University , Making Out , Jealousy , Jealous Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Hand & Finger Kink , LED lights , Blow Jobs , Spit As Lube , Multiple Orgasms , Anal Fingering , Bruises , Praise Kink , Anal Sex , Explicit Sexual Content
Language:	English
Series:	Part 8 of dteam nsfw , Part 2 of DNF Week 2021
Collections:	DNF WEEK 2021 , MCYT
Stats:	Published: 2021-03-29 Words: 7214

Thorns

by [isntitcrazy](#)

Summary

Day 2: Enemies to Lovers

“Then what is it?” Dream spun his arm back, bringing the flowers down to his side. George reached for them again, but only grabbed Dream’s wrist. “What am I so fucking blind to?”

George’s grin edged wider, the sharp ivory of his teeth on full display. “You’re jealous.”

George doesn’t deserve flowers. How could anyone be in love with him?

Notes

mars posting two days in a row ?? it's actually very unlikely this is only because it's dnf week

i once again wrote the whole fic in one day. my time management skills are terrible at best

i was too lazy to proofread this so if something's spelled wrong don't come for me

enjoy !

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

No one was quite as infuriating in their existence as George Davidson.

It wasn't even with anything objectively sensical. But for some reason—unexplainable, unknown, and probably stupid—Dream couldn't stand him. Maybe it was the bangs in his eyes, or the too-clean shoes, or the obnoxiously posh accent that was sharper than anyone else's. Or maybe it was as simple as the way he dressed, or his talent in computer science class, or the fact that no matter where Dream went, George always seemed to be there.

Dream struggled to find the explaining words. *How could he hate a guy he barely knew?* All the conversations they'd shared had been quick—though that didn't erase the fact that they were snappy. Pathetic insults thrown in the other's direction, too harsh and not enough for either of them to learn anything about the other. None of it made *sense*. But Dream couldn't shake the feeling—the white-hot, pooling rage in his gut, the burning fire in his abdomen, the way it spread through the marrow of his bones in thick waves.

The person George was didn't matter. The only thing that mattered was he made Dream writhe in pain, made him twist uncomfortably in his seat until one of them left the room.

Arguably, it was pathetic. Arguably, Dream needed to *grow up*. Arguably, the two of them just needed to learn how to co-exist before they actually wound up hurting each other. Because as much as Dream hated George, George hated Dream the same.

Though George's pain was dull. Stabbing, prodding at his sternum in haste. Like Dream was trying to tear him apart—but he did it slowly, methodically, and with excruciating ease. The day they'd been paired together for a computer science project was the day George learned just how insufferable the blond was, just how much he could make him hurt.

They never finished that project. They got too caught up trying to prove who was better at coding, too caught up trying to belittle each other and find trivial mistakes. Dream found out that George was colorblind, and he took a horrible liking to messing with the colors he couldn't see. Like making all the green lines yellow just to see how long it'd take George to notice a mistake. As if frustrating him wouldn't end with someone getting hit.

When they had to tell their professor *why* they were lacking a project, the display was nearly as pathetic as their attempts at teamwork. The two of them stood in that lecture hall with no one else but their professor—their professor who was forced to watch two of her best students bicker back and forth over *who started it*.

They'd only been paired together because they worked so well independently. They showed real promise in the subject, and it seemed like working together would only increase that potential exponentially. That assumption was wrong. And they were never paired together again after that mess.

But even without forced interaction, Dream would swear that he saw too much of George. They shared a major, shared a dorm hall, shared too many things that were too close for Dream's liking. Even when he was intentional with his avoidance, even when he tried to skate by the other on campus and pretend he didn't exist, it didn't work. It felt like George was waiting for him, standing

on the hidden side of a corner, ready to jump out from behind the wall and scare Dream straight out of his skin.

So of course he noticed things about George. Though he'd argue that everything he knew had been learned against his will, he had a strange little catalog of information that he just couldn't seem to forget. Like who George's friends were, or the way that he thought about majoring in math before he found a love for coding, or even just the fact that he was colorblind. But Dream hadn't *wanted* to learn any of this, he only knew it because George was too-loud and didn't know when to shut his mouth. Not because he was listening.

It was no surprise when Dream noticed something new. Late spring, second semester—George started getting flowers. The flowers seemed to follow George almost as much as the man himself followed Dream. They were by his seat in the lecture hall, outside the door of his dorm room, caught in his arms when he walked between classes.

Dream heard George when he talked to his friends about it. Not even he knew who they were from—all accompanying cards were cited *secret admirer*. How pathetically cliche.

The sight of George with something pretty only made Dream's chest flare hotter. Only made his stomach twist more, only surged the blood in his veins halfway to boiling.

Why was George getting so many flowers? What did he do that made someone think he *deserved* all of them? And why wouldn't they leave him alone?

It seemed to start so casual. Carnations and other pretty blossoms, in shades of white and blue. But within two weeks, Dream couldn't help but notice the sudden shift to *red*. The second shift to roses, the third when they all became a dozen.

Someone was in love with George. Dream found that utterly despicable. George was one of the worst people on campus—one of the worst people Dream had ever had the displeasure of meeting. He talked too much, his face was too pretty, he got too much attention, and his accent didn't fit with anyone else's. How could anyone be in *love* with him?

Every time Dream saw him with another armful of roses, his nails dug into his palms. Nearly sharp enough to draw blood, but he never got that extreme. But he'd grit his teeth hard enough to make his jaw ache, tighten the muscles in his arms until they went sore and look noticeably angered enough to earn a poke from his friends.

George didn't deserve positive attention. He was awful.

And that's why Dream was outside his dorm room on a Friday night. He knew he was in there—could see the blue LED light spilling out from beneath the door frame. They illuminated another dozen roses that had been left on the floor, waiting for George to open his door and stumble upon them. Before Dream knocked, he picked them up with a clenched hand.

They were thornless, of course. Dream wished they weren't.

George opened the door with an incredulous look. Confusion quickly settled into anger when his eyes met Dream's, eyebrows falling low enough to look dangerous. But he left the door open, crossed his arms over his chest and widened his stance. Maybe if Dream weren't so much taller than him, it would've been intimidating. But Dream could reach the doorframe and George could not, Dream could loom over the brunet and shake roses in his face until a petal fell off.

It hit George on a freckled cheek. He shook it off without question.

“What the hell do *you* want?” He spat the question up at Dream, let his chin nod slightly to take him in.

Brown eyes caught on the roses in Dream’s hand. Dream didn’t miss the way his pupils dilated at the sight of them.

“Who the fuck keeps giving you roses?” Dream matched George’s tone in bite, but his was louder and more intimidating. “It’s so fucking stupid. No one should be giving you *roses*.”

George looked up at him, let his eyes narrow further. The blue light of his room painted him strange, painted the roses Dream held even stranger. Nothing looked recognizable, and the way George smirked would’ve been peculiar even without the foreign color. Curled upward on his pink lips, barely parted enough to show the glint of white teeth.

He scoffed. “Why do you care?”

“Because!” Dream shook to roses again, another petal falling from the force. “It’s *you!*”

George raised an eyebrow, the grin on his face daring to edge wider. “Because it’s me?”

“Yeah.” Dream crossed his arms, tucking the bouquet of roses behind him. “You suck. No one should be giving you roses.”

George laughed, shaking his head with the sound. “I don’t think that’s what it is, Dream.”

“And why would you know?”

“You’re very easy to read,” George took a step backward into his room, “you know that?”

Dream rolled his eyes. “Oh, come on now.”

“You don’t want me getting roses,” George extended a hand out to take the flowers from under Dream’s arm, but he reeled back and out of reach, “because I suck?”

“Great job repeating me, asshole.” Dream scoffed. “You’re only proving my point.” He took the flowers and held them above his head, too high for George to reach without making an idiot of himself. “It’s fucked to think that someone’s in love with you.”

“You’re mad because you think someone’s *in love* with me?” George laughed again, loud and unforgiving. “You really don’t see it, do you, Dream?”

“I’ve seen it all, try me.”

“Sure.” George made a grabbing motion at the air, jumping upward just slightly. Dream lifted the roses higher to keep them out of reach. “You’re a fucking idiot.”

“Then what is it?” Dream spun his arm back, bringing the flowers down to his side. George reached for them again, but only grabbed Dream’s wrist. “What am I so fucking blind to?”

George’s grin edged wider, the sharp ivory of his teeth on full display. “You’re jealous.”

“*What?*” Dream nearly dropped the flowers on the floor. “I am *not* jealous you are fucking *delusional* if you—”

He didn’t get to finish. George had mashed their lips together in the middle of his sentence, swallowing all the harsh words straight from his mouth. It sent Dream stumbling back a step, free

hand catching on the doorframe while George tugged at his wrist.

The roses brushed against his arm, and Dream's grip only tightened around the stems. But he let George take his collar with his free hand, let him tug his body closer and into the room. Dream kicked the door shut behind him, took George's hair with the hand no longer on the doorframe, twisted his head to get a better angle and licked his way into George's open mouth.

If Dream had to guess what George's lips tasted like, he might've said they tasted sour. Even if they looked all pretty, pink, and soft, there was no way a guy like George had a sweet-flavored mouth. But he tasted like strawberries and a warm spring day, he tasted exactly like sunshine and fresh air. Dream had no idea what the hell he'd done to himself to get it like that—what flavor lip balm he frequented, what type of candy he'd been eating—but he knew that he'd take more of it.

And George would take more of Dream. More in the sense of pulling him down by the collar, more in the sense of opening his mouth wide and letting Dream have at him, more in the sense of a slick tongue against his teeth that dripped with the flavor of hot summer nights. George had never been compelled to describe someone's lips as *intoxicating* before, but that felt like the only word worthy enough.

Then Dream pulled off. Narrowed his eyes at George, let his gaze roll over a blushed face and blown-out pupils. George took a gasping breath, audible in the space between them, tightened his grasp around Dream's wrist and tried to pull him closer.

"Will you admit it now?" he asked breathlessly. "That you're jealous?"

Dream rolled his eyes. "I'm not jealous."

"Sure." George brushed their lips together with excruciating lightness. "Keep lying to yourself."

And he pulled Dream's mouth back into his. He stood up on his tiptoes for a better reach, spun slightly on the balls of his feet and pushed his face up harshly against Dream's. Dream seemed to have lost some of his mercy, turning harsh and biting as he kissed teeth-first, digging into George's sweet lips like there was something for him beneath the surface.

George whimpered. Dream grinned.

"I'm not jealous," he huffed, biting down against George's lower lip, "but if anyone else kissed you like that, I'd break their fucking nose."

George shivered. "You sound jealous."

"I'm not." It was a weak insistence.

"Well," George started, uncurling his fingers from around Dream's wrist, "if you're not jealous, then you wouldn't mind if I got someone else to fuck me, yeah?"

Dream sputtered. "I—"

"We wouldn't kiss." George batted his eyelashes, a grin finding the edge of his lips. "So you wouldn't have to break anyone's face."

Dream growled, thick and through his teeth. George bit his lip instinctively, his now free hand catching on Dream's bicep before he fell to the floor.

"Get on the bed."

George fell away from Dream, stumbled his way over to his bed in the corner. Thank *god* his roommate was gone for the night, or else he may have sought to have hesitation. But he didn't, he fell onto the mattress without a lick of hesitation and locked his eyes on Dream from across the room. He stood there with those flowers in his hand, tore the tissue paper off the stems and let it fall recklessly to the floor.

He threw the bouquet in George's direction. Twelve loose roses scattered around him, caught on his chest and on the bed. George didn't move, didn't touch them, didn't do anything. He only stared at Dream while he stripped his shirt off, watched his body's movement when he paced over to the bed, caught his emerald gaze again when he crawled on top of George and looked down at his face with a wicked grin.

"*I'm fucking you,*" he insisted, "got it?"

George let out a breathy laugh, choked out and caught in his chest. "And you're sure you're not jealous?"

"Hundred percent."

Lips fell into each other. Large hands caught on the hem of George's shirt, matching intensity with the rough mouth that bit at his lips. Dream tugged the shirt up over George's head, pulled his body up off the mattress with it and let the rose caught on his chest fall into his lap. And the moment his chest was bare, Dream laved his tongue over it—licked up the center of his sternum, ran pressing fingers across his ribs. His nails weren't long enough to scratch, but he made up for it with harsh pushes, near-bruising at best.

George tried to find his breath. One of his hands caught tight in Dream's hair, the other fell backward onto the pillow he rested on, fingers ghosting against the stem of one of his flowers. He let Dream bite into the side of his neck, let him mark him red and soon-to-be violet, let him roughly claim his skin in the midst of claims against jealousy.

It was strange. It was backwards. And George couldn't deny the twisting fire in his gut, or the molten lava in his chest. The way his skin burned up against Dream's touch, hotter than it had been just in his presence. Their already tangling bodies atop George's still-made bed threatened to burn the petals on the roses scattered between them, threatening to send the whole thing up in flames if they continued like this.

Maybe Dream liked fire. Because he bit harder.

"Dream." George's hand glided down the side of Dream's face to catch his shoulder. "Touch me."

He felt the airy laugh where it blew against his skin, felt it's overwhelming heat against roughed-up skin. George curled his fingers around the stem of the rose on his pillow. He almost wished it had thorns.

"I am touching you." Dream trailed his rough fingers across George's ribs with cocky emphasis. "See?"

If George weren't so turned on and desperate, he might've rolled his eyes. Might've expressed the displeasure that blossomed in his chest, spread through his body like vines that ran quick enough to make him shudder. But in the midst of hazy lust, he mistook that full-body shiver as something pleasurable, let a whimper escape his lips with instant regret when he caught the self-assured look Dream gave him.

And Dream was watching with interest. Caught between the delicate fingers wrapped so gently around a stem, the blossoming marks that now littered his throat, the flush on his face and the desperate regret in his eyes. He was still painted beneath a hum of blue light, and Dream found himself wondering.

“The lights,” he whispered, “where’s the remote?”

George made a vague, flailing gesture toward his desk. Dream crawled backward on the bed and away from George, pulling another whimper from the smaller boy. His fingers crawled up the rose stem to grip at its petals, to dig fingernails into the center of it and pull it apart. But he watched Dream, watched him card his hand over the things scattered across George’s desk, and George let his eyes catch on the too-prominent outline in his too-tight jeans. He felt his breath catch. The rose crumpled in his hand.

When Dream’s hand lifted, he held the remote. And with a swift motion and his eyes caught on the space between the wall and the ceiling, he turned those pretty lights red. A color George had difficulty with, but a color that would paint his pale body under the implication of sin. It made the brown of his eyes glow. It emphasized the soft blush on his cheeks. It drew Dream’s eye to the crushed flower in his hand, strips of water cascading down pale fingers from the inside of the petals.

George writhed against the bed, swallowing a pathetic whine as it rose in his throat. And he brought his hand up off the pillow, bits of red caught beneath his fingernails and a petal stuck to his thumb when he smudged a touch across Dream’s cheek. The petal was smooth and gliding, soft and cool against burning skin. Dream laughed quietly, wrapped his fingers around George’s slim wrist with a claiming grip, held him tightly around the bone with enough force to mark him

And he slammed that wrist back down on the bed. George whimpered at the force—at the echoing sound that came from the mattress—and Dream was quick to do the same with his other wrist. He smirked down at George, at his face bathed in red, let his knee edge up against the bed until it pressed just *barely* against his crotch. Just enough stimulation to make George whimper, just enough to make him grind down against his thigh.

Dream tightened his hold on pale wrists. He felt his fingers press against the bone, felt the skin beneath his grip twist with the tightness.

“Tell me,” Dream spoke with twisted vex, “tell me what you want, doll.”

George squirmed, his own nails digging into the skin on his palms. Dream let his eyes draw away from his face for just a moment, catching on the crushed petals that had scattered on the pillow beside George’s head. They were striking against pale blue sheets, washed darker beneath scarlet light, so pretty when placed next to a flushed face that sputtered over unknown words.

Dream looked back to the face in question. George looked about ready to scream.

“Just *touch* me,” he pleaded. “Anywhere, *fuck*, don’t make me wait.”

Dream laughed again, light beneath the heaviness of his exhale. And he drew both of George’s wrists together, crossed them above his head and held them down with one of his large hands. He tightened his hold to press them together, savored the red-colored marks he’d started to leave with his fingers.

With his free hand, Dream picked up one of the roses from beside him. He placed it gently across George’s hands, watched with interest when his slim fingers curled around both the stem and the

flower itself. Through his desperation, George wore a confused look. Eyebrows knitted together, lids lowers over dark irises, parted lips twisted ever so slightly.

“If that pretty rose is anything but perfect,” Dream warned, “you’re fucking done.”

George swallowed noticeably. He tried to nod, tightened the hand that held the stem just enough to feel it beneath his fingers. And he was frighteningly gentle to the petals themselves.

“Tell me you understand.”

George took a shaking breath. “I understand.”

“Good boy.”

Dream stroked his knuckles against George’s heated face, reveling in the flutter of his eyelashes when he keened gleefully. And he trailed those same knuckles down his entire body, gentle over his chest and stomach all the way down to the waistband of his jeans. Dream tapped his fingers gently against the buckle of George’s belt, glanced up to meet his gaze through heavy eyelids, twisted his fingers to unbuckle it.

“You never told me what you wanted.”

George shuddered. “Your hands.”

Dream raised an eyebrow, but he let two fingers press against George’s stomach anyways. He trailed them down to the waist of his bands, circled the digits around the still-closed button in something tangible but impossible for George to feel. He could only watch—and oh, did he *watch*.

“My hands?” His tone dripped with foregin venom, and George wished to bathe in it.

“Please.”

Dream laughed low and quiet again, almost threatening when paired with that sick gaze. Threatening when pitted against that venom-thick tone, the one dripping with poison down George’s chest, hot and terrible enough to wilt the flower in his hand.

It was pathetic how much self-restraint George had to use, how aware of his fingers he had to be if he wanted to keep those pretty red petals intact.

Dream’s voice was still made sick with malice. “Where do you want my hands?”

“Anywhere, just,” George squirmed and tried to buck up into Dream’s touch, but he moved at the perfect time, “fuck, I love your hands, Dream.”

Toxicity became pointedly cocky. Self-assured, laced with red-hot arrogance, spilling out of Dream’s skin in burning flame. It fell onto George’s abdomen, slid up his body with slick ease, danced up his arms and threatened to turn the red petals he held black in his palms.

Maybe then Dream would do something to him.

“Do you?” It was teasing, but it lacked any ounce of lilt. All that stuck was the vexing sarcasm, shaded green in complement to the scarlet that swallowed George’s skin.

“I always wished you’d hit me when you got mad.” George spilled his guts carelessly, let his blood bathe red beneath matching light. “You’re really hot when you’re pissed at me.”

“Oh, am I?” Dream took a harsh grip on George’s hips, his hands large enough to cover too much of them. “Well, you’re very pretty like *this*.”

George whined, let Dream unbutton his jeans with two thumbs. Let him slide his pants off and throw them on the floor, let his too-big hands put warm pressure on his cock through his boxers.

For someone with such a loud mouth, George sure knew how to hold his tongue now. Every noise he made was nothing but pathetic—his lips were a cascading fall of whimpers, of desperate pleas for *something*, but his words were never solid enough to ask properly. Dream’s chest was still alight with something burning, but it wasn’t so hateable anymore. If anything, it was wanted. A newfound desirable heat, hot and festering like coals beneath a flame.

Dream stoked the flame. George stoked it, too—though he may have been completely clueless. Dream hooked his fingers beneath the waistband of George’s boxers, met his eyes through red haze before he tugged them down, let them fall to the floor with a quiet sound before he surged forward and laved his tongue over George’s cock.

Pale fingers twisted against a rose. George felt the petals wilt beneath his grip, but that only urged him to squeeze harder. To feel the pretty blossom smash flat beneath his pale hands, to tighten the hold he had on the stem, too—he still wished it had thorns. Then his blood could slide down the grooves of his palms, catch on his sheets in something hidden beneath red LED lights—but it would grow visible when he turned the colors.

Dream’s head was too low to catch disobedience. And his mind had narrowed slimly to one-track; to suck George’s cock like his life depended on it. So he dragged his tongue up flat, swirled around the head and lapped up any precum, sucked the head into his mouth and hollowed his cheeks.

George was already a mess. The rose was pathetically ruined even *before* Dream had started to suck him proper, it was foolish to think it would last through to the end. George had let his nails sink into the petals, let his fingertips catch against the red and the dampness hidden inside them. Dream’s mouth was something godly, too warm and too good, slick with every motion of his head.

“Dream,” George pleaded, nails digging into his palms where the stem sat caught in his grip.
“Fuck, your *hands*.”

He wasn’t quite sure what he was asking for. But when Dream pulled up and let his tight lips *pop*, he wet two fingers inside of his mouth and rubbed gently at George’s rim. He pressed down into the touch, knocked his fists against the wall when he twisted his wrists, feeling the rose stem curl in his grip. Another moan came choking past his lips when Dream rolled his tongue against the slit, parted his lips enough to slide down and take him to the hilt.

George bucked his hips. Dream used his free hand to shove him harsh against the mattress. He held him there, strong hand keeping him pinned there, left completely to the mercy of Dream’s mouth and whatever pace he wanted to set.

And he went slow. Painfully slow.

It was like he *wanted* George to wreck that poor flower. Liked he wanted to pull off his cock and catch sight of crumpled petals, like he wanted them all to fall off the blossoming flower and dot George’s pillowcase with red. He dragged, he *dragged* his lips up to the head of his cock, forced George to feel how soft and tight they were with every inch, forced him to savor the sucking tightness at the tip until it felt like he couldn’t breathe anymore.

George barely knew what Dream was doing at this point, all he knew was that it felt good. And

two large fingers rubbing circles at his rim only made it better, even *better* when one pushed forward until it was sucked past his entrance, sinking down to the first knuckle with not enough lube.

Thin fingers tugged a rose petal free. George felt it brush against his ear when it hit the pillowcase. He dug his fingers in harder and tried to pull another petal loose.

Dream twisted his finger. Sank down to the second knuckle, groaned around his mouthful at just how *tight* George was, stretching beautifully around one finger as if he was made for something like this. Made to be split open, made to become a mess beneath the flush of red light.

Dream's fingers were so much bigger than George's. Even if he'd done this to himself a thousand times—laid in this exact same position under the exact same lights—Dream would always be able to stretch him wider. To make him feel something twist in expectancy, make his gut twist ebon at the mere *idea* of taking a second finger.

Lips were tight when they slid up his cock again. Emphasized with a finger pulling free in tandem, the tips of two fingers now pressing harshly against his fluttering hole. Dream blinked up at George through red light, and they caught glances of the other's desperate face when bathed in deep scarlet.

They both had drool running down their chins. Only Dream's was justified.

George was pressing down against Dream's fingers, squirming beneath the single-hand hold on his hip. Pressing him down hard into the mattress, hard enough for Dream to be digging the heel of his palm into George's skin with a bruising feel. Hard enough to make George tug another petal free from the rose in his hands.

Dream saw the cast of red when it settled down against the pillow. A coy smirk spread across his swelling lips. He pressed his two fingers into George's hole without enough mercy and hasty lubricant, the harsh drag of skin-on-skin rough enough to leave George mewling.

“George,” Dream twisted his fingers, “didn’t I tell you to keep that thing perfect?”

George kicked against the mattress. His fists slammed into the wall behind his head again, fingers curling into the center of the flower he held. Dream thrusted his fingers into George without forgiveness, lolled his tongue out to drag it heavy against his cock.

“Answer me.”

“Yes!” George sputtered. “‘M sorry, Dream.”

Dream chuckled, pressed a wet kiss to the head of George's cock and scissored the fingers still inside of him. He let his lips fall against George's abdomen, laid another searing kiss to the skin on his stomach, swirling his tongue around when he felt a sharp inhale.

“I think that’s the first time you’ve apologized to me.” He spread his fingers wider, savored the pathetic sound George made at the feel of being split apart. “Would you be a doll and do it again?”

George tore the flower in half, dropping both pieces at either side of his pillow. “*I’m sorry!*”

Dream laughed, thrusted once more with his fingers in emphasis. “Good boy.”

George sputtered, hands clenching around nothing. He tried to reach down to grab Dream's hair, but the hand that had been on his hip was quick to block his greedy hands.

“Hands to yourself,” Dream warned, sitting upright enough to pin his crossed wrists against the mattress again. “Listen to me, okay?”

George nodded, dragged his fingers against the parts of Dream’s hand he could reach. Dream tugged his fingers free, left George whimpering at the empty feeling he was left with, already writhing beneath Dream’s grip on his hands.

“Lube?”

“Under,” George gasped, knocking his elbow against the mattress. “Pillow. Under.”

Dream snaked his free hand beneath George’s pillow—a pillow adorned with scattered rose petals. And it didn’t take him long to find the bottle of lube hidden there, far too accessible and emptier than he thought it was going to be.

He kept his mouth shut about that. Only waved the bottle in front of George’s face and smirked at the implication. He dropped it carelessly onto George’s chest, grabbing another discarded rose from the side of the mattress. He spread George’s palms and made him take it again, and the way George handled it was almost endearing. Barely touching, his fingers scarcely brushing against the pretty red petals.

“Don’t ruin this one,” Dream picked the lube up off George’s chest, “I mean it.”

George nodded. “Yes, Dream.”

So Dream slicked up three fingers, wasted no time pressing two back into George’s hole and spreading them apart. It took exactly one second for George to start whining again, twisting his back against the mattress and pushing his knuckles against the wall in the midst of his writhing. But he kept his hands steady, settled for nothing more than the curl of fingers around a rose’s stem—just enough to brush his nails against the heel of his palm, just enough to scratch the half-circle marks he’d already left in his skin.

Dream was pressing his ring finger against George’s rim. Rolling the slicked digit over his hot skin, reveling in the punched-out noises falling from George’s lips. George kicked again, catching one leg around Dream’s waist to tug him closer, keeping his hands suspended above his head but not without wanting to feel.

To feel Dream’s skin beneath his hands. To roll his palms over freckled shoulders. To touch his soft lips before they pressed against his purple-turning neck, sinking in teeth-first to mark him darker. George whined pathetically, lifted his hips off the bed and tried to rut against Dream’s stomach, tried to shift his hips enough for the third finger to breach him while rubbing his desperate cock against Dream’s skin.

Dream obliged both requests. Sank his ring finger in alongside the others, groaned softly against George’s neck when he felt the stretch. Pressed his body down against George’s to pin his leaking cock between them, to feel the slide of precum against him and what little was left behind of his spit.

Fingers spread apart inside of George. He whimpered in response, tried to roll his hips and slide his cock against Dream with increased fervor, letting the heel caught behind his back press into his skin and force him closer still.

“So desperate,” Dream teased. “Desperate and pretty.”

Three fingers dragged light and merciless over George’s prostate. He cried out at the ceiling,

arched his back further still, felt his fingertips brush against the softness of rose petals. He could barely stop himself before he tore something off the stem, but he managed to keep his fingers still.

“*Dream.*”

He didn’t touch the right spot again. Not even slightly, not even without much more than the hint of its existence. Dream acted as if he’d never even found it to begin with, kept narrowly avoiding it with the motion of all three fingers, pulled out all the way and pushed against the rim before leaving George entirely empty.

“One second, doll.” Dream spoke with something condescending, something hellishly toxic caught beneath reassurance. He sat up on his knees and unbuttoned his pants, tugged his cock free beneath red light and watched George’s face through every second. “You can be patient, can’t you?”

George swallowed. “Yes.”

“Good.”

A soft smile crossed his pink lips, but even still it looked cruel. Maybe it had something to do with his face, scattered with freckles that teased niceness but were seated below a set of narrowed eyes. Maybe the scarlet glow made his gaze look meaner.

Whatever it was, it was unfavorably hot.

George wanted to cry out—he wanted to beg, even. He swallowed those urges to keep the last shred of his dignity—not because he wanted to be good for Dream. Not because he was perfectly content to watch the blond pool lube in the palm of his hand, not because it was hot to watch him stroke his cock slowly until his mouth dropped open on a breathy moan, not because he looked like the devil with that wicked smirk.

Dream ran his free hand up George’s stomach. Edged his knee closer to seat himself better between his legs, trailed his fingers all the way up George’s body until he found those slim wrists, the rose still placed delicately across his palms.

“See?” Dream crooned, dragging the pad of his thumb over a soft rose petal. “Easy.”

George squirmed. “Please.”

Dream chuckled. “Patience, doll.” He caught one of the petals between his thumb and forefinger, tugged it free from the stem with gentle ease. “You’ll feel me soon enough.”

Not soon enough. George wanted to say. *Need you now.*

He bit the words back. Let his gaze stay torn between either of Dream’s hands—his large, unnecessarily attractive hands. One lax in movement to stroke his cock, the other hung right above George’s face with a hold on a single rose petal. It looked so delicate in his strong hands—hands built for something other than roses. Perhaps built for destruction, perhaps built for care.

Either way, George wanted them back on him. But all he got was his thighs pressed against Dream’s, wisps of heat radiating off his skin and onto his. It left George near-twitching, but he held his tongue behind his teeth and kept his sounds nothing louder than breaths.

“Open your mouth for me,” Dream said softly, reveling in the way George lacked hesitation. “Pretty.”

George let his tongue rest gently against his lower lip. Dream let the rose petal sit neatly against his tongue. George could taste it, and it tasted exactly how he'd expected it to—floral, rose, and bittersweet. He batted his eyelashes up at Dream with wanton confusion, let his eyebrows draw together just an inch closer.

Dream grinned. "Keep it there."

Of course. George fluttered his eyelids in agreement, nodded minutely in a way that wouldn't shift the rose petal's place.

And Dream finally shifted downward on the bed, took one of George's thighs in each hand and pushed his legs upward. He pressed his cock against George's rim, pushed his hips forward ever so slightly—just enough to make elicit a whimper. Dream let his gaze rake over George's red-coated body on final time, met his eyes through the light as if in confirmation.

George whined, used his knuckles on the wall as leverage to push down against Dream's cock. Dream let himself start to sink in, savored the tight heat that was George, groaned out loud the second he felt himself surrounded.

And George keened in response, thighs shaking beneath Dream's hold. He already wanted to swallow the saliva gathering beneath his tongue, but he kept it lolled out against his lip to hold that rose petal in place. It only made the drool slide down the side of his face, falling from the corners of his mouth with unstoppable ease.

Dream sank down to the hilt. Pressed his hips flush against George's body, stuttered his hips involuntarily in a way that made George whimper. He looked so fucking *pretty* like this—soaked sinful in garnet light, hair mussed and stuck to his forehead, face and hands crawling with rose petals.

They still scattered the pillow he was laid on, too. It made the whole scene strangely romantic—painted colorful with love, though Dream had no intentions of holding that true. He was already drawing too much of his cock out, reeling back and thrusting into George with unexpected ferocity.

George had only been slightly delusional to think Dream would start gentle. But he'd never have it in him to complain.

He took the harsh thrusts, took the harsh slap of skin-on-skin every time Dream sank in all the way. It echoed through the red-shaded dorm room, met with the sounds of a bed rocking into the wall, met with all the desperate cries George let fall from his open mouth.

The rose petal was stuck to his tongue. Soaked with spit, it clung to him in red haste. But George didn't draw his tongue back into his mouth, didn't let the floral taste fill every corner and beneath his teeth. He only whined through his gaping jaw, let his knuckles press against the wall whenever Dream thrust in, let his body shift against a rose-adorned bed when Dream dragged him back down against his cock.

"So fucking *tight*," Dream mused, leaning over George's body to cage him in against the bed. "Wish you could see yourself. All red and pretty."

George keened. He tried to stutter out a *please* through an open mouth and stuck-out tongue, but the sound he made only sounded pathetic. His eyes fluttered shut when Dream got rougher, pressed his knee against the bed and shifted his own position to find a new angle.

And he struck George in just the right place. He basked in the sound that he made in response—the

pathetic, choked-out noise that fell from his wide-open mouth. And he kept making the same sounds as Dream kept moving, kept crying out to the ceiling with abandon as Dream abused his hole so perfectly.

A hand wrapped around his aching cock. George came the second he felt the warmth of skin. Stripes of white coated a tanned hand and pale stomach, slick and scarlet beneath the room's lights.

But that didn't mean Dream had plans to let up. George couldn't tell if he was going harder or if he was just getting sensitive, but either way he seemed willing to take it. The bitter taste grew more potent on his tongue, the petal starting to melt against him with something hot and wet. He hadn't realized that his fingers were digging into matching rose petals above his head, hadn't realized his palm had twisted against the stem.

The florist had missed a thorn. It sank into George's skin with a sharp cry from his open lips.

Dream tried his best to jerk George's cock from their angle, but it wasn't like he needed to do very well with it—just the touch of his hand was enough to drive George up the wall, and when he was still striking the right places inside him with every downstroke, there was no room to complain.

Only room to cry out at the ceiling. Only room for his entire body to move with the shake of his mattress, only room for his ears to fill with the sounds of his own moans and something slick far beneath him. Dream groaned into his neck, dug teeth into tender skin without mercy. George sobbed at the ceiling.

“Fuck,” Dream gasped, moving his mouth closer to George's exposed jaw. “You gonna come again?”

George could only whine highly in response, but it meant yes. He could feel himself edging closer with every thrust, could feel himself threatening to spill over the edge again before Dream had even finished once. He could still feel the cum left behind against his stomach, but something in him wanted there to be more.

He came again with another cry. Dream spilled inside of him with a groan, teeth digging into pale skin hard enough to leave a mark. Then he collapsed on top of him, trailed gentle fingers up his sides until one hand paused by his mouth.

“You can...” Dream took a deep breath, “spit it out. The petal.”

George dragged his tongue along his upper row of teeth effectively peeling the soaked rose petal off his tongue. He felt it stick to his chin and the side of Dream's finger, but Dream reeled his hand back and pulled the rose petal with it.

When Dream sat up, the first thing he did was pull out slowly. Watch as a sick mixture of cum and lube dripped out of George and onto his bed sheets, staining them terribly but it felt hot beneath a wave of scarlet. George whimpered at the sensitivity, but he still let Dream clean him up slowly.

Hands that he loved moved gently on his skin. Hands that had bruised his hips and wrists, hands that he still wanted to hit against his face with burning hatred and flame. George fell asleep while Dream took care of him, and despite a red-hot burn that still resonated in his chest, Dream looked on at his sleeping rival with a careful smile.

A broken rose was laid across his palms. Dream left it there.

Maybe he had been jealous.

End Notes

i've never written enemies to lovers lol
and why can i not write,, the actual sex part. i dwell on oral and foreplay for like a thousand years and then give you like two paragraphs of actual sex lmao

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